“Back to Back”
Koopaboo

(they’re in a flow state)

What are you painting?
(asked the second half)

A fallen angel.

Hm.
Me too.
(said the second half)

Was it by choice?

I don't know.

Me neither.

(but they haven't painted like this in a while)

I miss him…
(first half's blue brush stroke)

He misses you.

I hate you…
(regret)

I know.

I don't hate you.

I know…
(regret)